

So grab a jitney, or a car, and you will be ahead.  
The night is spent, the tale is told, and a good  
one it has been;  
But, nevertheless, you've got to go—  
IT'S NINE O'CLOCK; FALL IN!

We do not know, we cannot tell, what the future  
has in store,  
But here's a hope to meet again, and tell the  
story o'er.  
Perhaps we'll soon be with you lad, if you need  
us, we will come,  
With a friendly clasp and a lifted chin, that  
helps some, my boy, helps some,  
But we've quaffed our beer, and swapped our  
yarn, to leave all seems a sin,  
But, nevertheless, you've got to go—  
IT'S NINE O'CLOCK; FALL IN!

Vancouver, Nov 17, 1916.

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### **It's Twelve o'Clock; Fall Out.**

(Walter Laurie.)

[As the boys seemed to appreciate "NINE  
O'CLOCK; FALL IN," I have much pleasure in  
presenting the companion poem.]

As he marches down the street, 'tis wonderful to  
see  
The smile of perfect happiness and enthusiastic  
glee,  
The band is playing the closing march, the pipes  
have ceased their sounds,  
For the Colonel says, "At Twelve o'clock, dis-  
miss, at Cambie grounds."